August 16, 1827

I am traveling with my brother and my three kids Thomas, 7, Mary, 13, and John, 11. My wife had died at the beginning of the trail. We have started off late today and are heading toward the mountain route. We had to trade the Indians one of two of our guns for some buffalo fur for the cold weather ahead of us. They were very kind and gave us some tips about where to find food. After we met with the Indians we set out to find food for the family. While looking for food we got lost and because we have started late it is getting dark earlier than we have expected. We have been gone for quite a while and are starting to worry about the kids back home. It is about 1 in the morning and we have found our way back. The kids are not there, one of the horses is gone with blood on the ground. It had been killed by a mountain lion because no one was there to protect it. Luckily we still had one and my brother knew someone who would lend us a horse a few miles up. I left my hat in the wagon in case the kids come back and will go to the Indians to get the gun we traded to shoot a bullet as a signal to them. The Indians gladly let us borrow it for some of the food we had found on the way. When we got back to the wagon we saw that the kids were coming back. They had marked the trail. After I had given the gun back we went straight to bed knowing that we would start off early the next day.

By Michael C.